

The Nation.

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The Week.

JULES FAVRE and his colleagues seem to be gradually awakening to an exact sense of their situation, and to the absurdity of asking the Germans, after all that has happened, to treat half-a-dozen gentlemen, made into a "Provisional Government" by a "crowd in the streets," in place of a dynasty solemnly confirmed in possession of the throne by a popular vote less than six months ago, as beyond doubt or question representatives of France, and competent to cede territory and promise to pay money in her behalf. "Provisional governments," as their very name indicates, exist simply for the purpose of preserving order until a more regular and permanent machinery can be set up; it is preposterous to claim for them the right to declare war and make peace without consulting the nation at large. Whether a republic exists in France at this moment, we do not know; and one would not be wanting in respect to the powers who have "recognized the French Republic" who should assert that nobody knows. There are a certain number of persons in Paris who call themselves a republic, and whose orders the army thus far has obeyed; but as to what extent their authority is acknowledged by the country we have no information. In some of the great towns it is quite certain the Reds have full swing. Of course it is very inconvenient to have no government at this juncture competent to treat, but it is hardly incumbent on the Prussians to offer to share this inconvenience with the persons who created it by suspending their operations and thus endangering their final success.

It must be remembered, too, in judging of the conduct of the Germans, that the great body of the French people, and especially the Parisians, applauded the war; hardly anybody raised his voice against it, and the Emperor has been dethroned simply and solely because he did not succeed in invading and ravaging Prussia. To ask Prussia, under these circumstances, as the Provisional Government has done, to evacuate French territory after having fought half-a-dozen bloody battles in order to effect a lodgment in it, and as a preliminary to all negotiations for peace, is hardly the way to lead Bismarck to believe that he is dealing with serious and responsible men. It sounds more like the request of a slightly intoxicated *ouvrier* than that of sober statesmen. However, reflection seems to be bringing wisdom, and the hastening of the election of the Constituent Assembly by fixing it for the second of October, shows that Paris is losing confidence in fine words and songs as means of deliverance. We have given elsewhere some reasons for believing that the talk of exterminating the Prussians by means of a popular rising is mere declamation. It is eight years since the Duc d'Aumale, in a celebrated pamphlet, asked the Bonapartes, "What have you done with France?" On seeing the debauched and materialized capital, and the cowed and indifferent peasants who now talk of "'92," the question assumes a terrible significance.

Dr. Von Holtzendorff, the German publicist, has published a pamphlet on the terms of peace, which undoubtedly expresses the general feeling in Germany, and will do a great deal to mould opinion into definiteness where it is not already formulated. They are, the annexation of German-speaking Alsace and Lorraine to Germany, not to Prussia; the conversion of Metz and Strasbourg into federal fortresses; and the solemn renunciation, on the part of France, of all claim to meddle, in any way, in German affairs, or to dispute the validity of any arrangement of them already made, or that may hereafter be made, and a promise from her, also, to recognize any title that may hereafter be bestowed on the King—meaning, of course, Emperor of Germany. France will, to all appearance, have to make up its mind to the loss of territory.

There appears to be little or no doubt that Bismarck, though very willing "to talk matters over" with Jules Favre, or anybody else who can find a fair excuse for approaching him, is determined not to treat with the Provisional Government until it can show better credentials than it has now, or give some proof that France is a republic. Ordinarily, it might be held that the election of a constituent assembly by a popular vote would meet the difficulty, and furnish a body with which Germany might safely negotiate; but even after the election is held on the second of October, it will still be open to Bismarck, if he is disposed to go to extremities, to dispute the validity of an election held under the present circumstances, with one-half the country devastated by war, and the other half under martial law, or no law at all, and with all the great lines of communication broken and the capital besieged. Should he take this view, there would be nothing for it but to bring back the last product of universal suffrage, the old Emperor himself, and make him sign what was wanted. But our belief is that Bismarck will not stand long either on ceremony or forms, and that as soon as he finds somebody able to support its pretensions to be the government of France by the delivery of the Alsatian fortresses and the payment of a handsome sum of money, he will make peace. In the meantime, the French have made no offer whatever, and continue their ridiculous appeals to the King to withdraw his troops and desist from his "wicked war." The usual invader's announcement, made in his proclamation on entering France, that he warred only with the army, and that civilians if they kept quiet had nothing to fear, has been distorted both here and in France into an admission that he only made war against Louis Napoleon. Hence, it is argued that, Louis Napoleon being overthrown, the Prussians ought to go home, and support their own widows and orphans and wounded, pay their own costs, and keep ready for another fight whenever another French "Saviour of Society" said the time has come to "chastise Prussian insolence."

The war is vigorously carried on by the Prussians, but merely by marches, investments, and sieges; for no battles take place, the French forces in the field, wherever and whatever they may be, being still paralyzed by the stunning effects of the disasters which terminated the Empire. No Army of the Loire, no Army of Lyons, has as yet made its appearance in the neighborhood of the Prussian camps. No flying detachments, no partisan bodies, have anywhere attempted to pierce the enemy's extended lines of communication, or even to harass his flanks. Even the isolated German army corps which carries on the siege of Strasbourg is left entirely unmolested by any attempt at a rescue or a diversion, which the gallant defenders of that fortress would so well deserve; and the most important cities of the Upper Rhine, Colmar, Mulhouse, and Belfort, have been abandoned without a blow to an insignificant force of Baden troops. Thus almost the whole of Alsace is now in the hands of the Germans. Of the towns mentioned, Belfort is the most strategically important, forming, as it does, a kind of gate to the province, from the side of Besançon and Vesoul. The reports about Schlettstadt are conflicting.

The siege of Strasbourg seems to be pushed forward with the utmost vigor, which renders its obstinate defence the more worthy of praise. Metz, too, withstands with gallant firmness, though the hostile circle around it is tightening from day to day, and gradual exhaustion within must be getting no less alarming. Sickness thins the ranks of both besieged and besiegers. The Prussian grip appears to be the strongest on the south-west and south, on both sides of the Moselle, from Gravelotte, by Ars, to Courcelles; which is quite natural, as a breaking through of French forces on the north could only lead to their surrender on this side or the other of the Belgian frontier, while an escape south, were it possible, might prove both ultimately successful and destructive to the Prussian position between Toul and Strasbourg. No attempt of this kind, however, has been made by Bazaine since his repulse at the close of last month, and the reported escape of Canrobert,

with six thousand men, marching straight on Paris, was but a foolish piece of fiction. A small balloon with soldiers' letters from Metz is announced in Paris to have been caught near Neufchâteau (*sic*, probably for Neufchâteau, in the Department of Vosges), conveying among encouraging expressions the surest evidence of the complete investment of that fortress. The Prussians are also making great efforts to reduce Toul, in spite of which this little stronghold continues its brave resistance. Its example is imitated by Soissons, which the Prussians seem to have completely invested. Against Verdun no new attempt has been made. Were there any active French forces left in the field, the position of the invading armies would be greatly endangered by the garrisons in their flank and rear.

But the only considerable force of combatants besides Bazaine's, in Metz, which is still to be encountered in the northern half of France—the southern is now a kind of *terra incognita*, much fabled about—is now enclosed within the fortifications of the capital, and almost entirely surrounded by the main forces of the invasion; for the Associated Press telegram from Paris, of the 16th, according to which “all the regular troops, as well as the Francs-Tireurs, have left” the city, to fight in the field, seems as little deserving of credit as the statements accompanying it—that “all non-combatants” have been ordered to leave; that “the forests around the city have been entirely consumed;” that a number of vagrants, lately expelled, “endeavored forcibly to re-enter Paris, but were driven away by the troops;” and that Trochu received “the advance-guard of a corps of 10,000 American volunteers.” And the coil of the Prussian armies which is to encircle those fortifications—of course, not without considerable gaps, which might prove fatal to the enterprise were Trochu's troops of the right mettle—and to menace their weak sides, is hourly drawing closer and closer. Fighting—on a small scale, it is true—is already going on in the very suburbs of the city, to which nearly all approaches by rail have been cut by the enemy, the bridges around being blown up by the French themselves. Cannonading and skirmishing have taken place around Villeneuve, Ablon, Athismons, and Juvisy, on both sides of the Seine, the Prussians evidently endeavoring to occupy the hills south of Paris, on which batteries can be planted against the forts of Bicêtre, Ivry, and Charenton. They have also appeared in force at Creteil, near the Marne, about three miles to the south-east from the last-named fort, while the fort of Vincennes, to the north-east of Charenton, is reported blown up as untenable. The gap thus created between the forts on the south-east and the forts on the east—Rosny, Romainville, and Noisy—Trochu seems to intend to defend by the strongest portion of his army, while other portions will have to be detached to the opposite side, where the fortifications between Forts Issy and Mt. Valérien have, from the beginning, been defective. Nor can the woods of Clamart and Meudon, adjoining Forts Issy and Vanves, which heavy rains prevented from being burned, definitely be abandoned, for they would offer a shelter to the enemy, whose advance-guard has already appeared in that vicinity, as well as at Versailles and various adjoining places. The northern line of fortifications is regarded as the safest. Trochu, in public, speaks with confidence of his ability to hold Paris, and his hands are strengthened by the orderly, tranquil behavior of the inhabitants, though there are indications of a Red Republican undercurrent of sentiment, which threatens fatal consequences. Red Republicanism is said to be rampant at Lyons in defiance of the new Government.

Bordeaux, Marseilles, and various other towns of the south and west are reported to evince much patriotic zeal in voting subsidies and equipping contingents for the defence of the country. These cities are, of course, themselves perfectly safe, and their action is therefore untrammelled by pressing anxiety. Much paralyzing perturbation seems to reign, on the other hand, in the rich commercial towns of the North and Northwest; which, should the war be protracted, would certainly be exposed to capture by flying columns of the enemy, as no French army, supposing new armies to be formed, would be inclined to venture north of Paris, where defeat is most likely to involve destruction or surrender. The fleet, which has ended its inglorious

cruise with the raising of the blockade, is therefore summoned to defend Havre, Dieppe, and other maritime towns, from which stores of merchandise are even hastily shipped to England for safe-keeping. The report, which perhaps lacks confirmation, that in Tours itself, the partial seat of the republican Government, collections of value are packed up for removal, is a still more alarming sign of the prostration pervading the French provinces, and a striking refutation of the frequent announcements of armaments going on south of the Loire.

The London *Spectator* has an interesting speculation as to the cause which led the principal Paris papers to propagate and pretend to believe, week after week, all the outrageous fictions about the progress of the war which were set agoing by the Ministry, in the closing days of the Empire, and deduces from it some melancholy conclusions as to the moral condition of the editors and writers. But there is nothing new about this. During the Italian war, the French newspaper correspondents openly avowed not only that they avoided making any revelations which would injure their own army, but that they published lies to deceive the enemy, and it may fairly be questioned whether the press in any country has yet reached such a lofty notion of its vocation as would prevent its spreading falsehoods, in a time of great national peril, when it was of the last importance to keep up the popular morale. We doubt very much whether, if a battle had been lost at Hastings, and an invading army were marching on London, and twenty-four hours' tranquillity in the city was absolutely essential to the completion of the defensive preparations, the leaders of the London press would not be willing to say that after giving the enemy a terrible thrashing the British forces were falling back on the capital, and “drawing him on,” so as to make sure that after the next fight none escaped. The editorial comments of the leading American papers were, during the rebellion, wonderfully candid, but the correspondents were allowed to supply the public with comforting intelligence to an extraordinary degree. But this was part of the American system of editing, which differs from the English in surrendering to reporters and correspondents as much space as they require, and letting them put almost anything they please into it that will make interesting reading. This makes a good deal of American correspondence, both morally and intellectually, much below the editorial level of the papers in which it appears—so that the curious phenomenon is often presented of a statesman gravely commenting before the public, in the editorial columns, on news furnished on the next page by persons with the mental characteristics of a strolling minstrel.

As is not wonderful, the “campaign stories” continue to circulate and are curiosities in their way. The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says that a good many of the most comical have been invented by Americans in that city, and set afloat for their own amusement, thus taking a mean advantage of the ridiculous condition of the French mind. The tale of “the discontented old Huguenots” of the Cevennes rising up to mob the Catholic Bishop of Nîmes, by way of avenging the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, looks as if it were of Fenian origin, perhaps the composition of Head-centre James Stephens. The stories of the Prussian desecration of Catholic churches, and insults to images of the Virgin, and the intrusion of Lutheran ministers into Catholic pulpits, have also a Fenian air, and to those who know anything of the Prussian army, and that there are nearly as many Catholics as Protestants under King William's lead, they have all that outrageous improbability in which Celtic chroniclers delight. We are glad to say, too, that that beautiful story, clearly of French origin, of the young Comte de Leusse, who went down burning with ardor to his chateau in Alsace, and, arming his servants, defended it against the Prussian advance, and was with his beautiful young wife killed dead, and his house devastated, is all a fiction. The Count is alive, and so is the Countess. There has been no fight or thought of fighting; and the Count, being sane and humane, has given up his chateau to the wounded. It appears pretty certain, too, that the Empress did want Trochu to fight for the dynasty, and never said “she pre-

ferred pity to hatred," or not till she found that pity was all that was to be had.

On the 19th of August, Visconti-Venosta was explaining to the Chamber of Deputies at Florence that the Convention of September, 1864, remained in full force, and was indeed the basis of Italian liberty of action in regard to the Roman question, as it had been of previous demands for the withdrawal of the French troops. On the 20th, by a fair majority, the Government's foreign policy was sustained against a dozen "orders of the day," more or less explicitly insisting upon the immediate occupation of Rome. In three weeks, the Italian forces which had been concentrated on the Papal frontier began to cross it on all sides, Gen. Cadorna from the north, and Gen. Bixio from the north-west, by way of the coast; while other forces, under leadership not stated, occupied Terracina, where there had been a "demonstration," and successively Frosinone, Velletri, Valmontone, etc. The former met with little resistance from the Papal troops, except at Civita Castellana, where an hour's fighting sufficed to reduce and capture the garrison. On Saturday last, his headquarters were Monte Rotondo, and on representations from the Pope through the Prussian ambassador that he was powerless to prevent resistance by the troops in Rome, a delay of twenty-four hours was granted before proceeding to invest the city. On Tuesday, Rome had not been occupied, nor had Gen. Bixio, as last reported, taken Civita Vecchia, possibly waiting at Corneto till the fleet should arrive off the port to assist in its capture. The King made a proclamation on the 13th of his purpose to bring peace, order, and self-government to the Romans, and to maintain the Holy See inviolate. It is supposed the form of a plebiscitum will be gone through with to confirm the occupation of the States. It is not the Pope who has any doubts of the result of the voting.

The way in which our city politicians pay the reverence to virtue which after all most men do somehow or other pay, is a way of their own, certainly. We say nothing about some of the Republican managers, whose performances are not so obvious to the public eye, but here are half-a-dozen or so of leading Democrats, whom everybody who knows New York knows to be—what it is tiresome and almost disgusting to say, so strong has the language to be, and yet so devoid of effect. They are thieves; they have murders done in their interest; if they are on the bench, they send their agents to suitors and ask bribes; when they are public prosecutors, some murderers and burglars they hang and with some they are in league; they are liars, who are constantly perjuring themselves; they regularly override the vote of the largest State in the Union by means of fraudulent votes; of the kind of men whom they set over the rest of us to rob us, the late Alderman Florence Scannell is a not very bad specimen—an Irish shoulder-hitter, hardly come to his majority, who could not write his name, who was killed in a riot of his own making, and whose brother has just shot a man who is said to have killed the Alderman. In short, we have here, as everybody knows, half-a-dozen men enormously wealthy, and of such character that it is impossible not to regard them as public enemies. However, as we say, they too pay, after their fashion, tribute to virtue: occasionally, with the gravest face, as if they expected anybody to believe them, and with an air of believing themselves which alone would justify a vigilance committee, they parade before us the most impudent inventions by way of excuse for their other rascalities. It is, for instance, as sure as that the earth moves that it was intended in 1868 to carry this State for Mr. Hoffman by means of cheating at the polls, and we all know perfectly well that it was so carried, and that he is Governor to-day, not because the voters chose him, but because certain men here in the city wanted him. But we all recollect the proclamation which the Mayor issued on that occasion—the most impudent document since General McClellan's Harrison's Landing letter to Lincoln. It charged the Republicans of the city with meditating the rascality which its own people have made a trade, and at which they worked then, as always, "electing" their candidate. They are out now with a proclamation which demands that the Common Council, seeing that the census of this city has not been fairly taken by the Federal marshals, should order it taken over again by agents of the

municipality. A delightful compilation a census would be which should be taken by Mr. James Scannell at the instance of Mr. Florence Scannell and his colleagues.

It is probable that there is not one word of truth in the whole of the proclamation, and that the Mayor was perfectly aware of that fact at the time of its composition. At all events, out of all his charges, there is none of which the Marshal, General Sharpe, and the Superintendent, General Walker, do not dispose with apparent conclusiveness. For example, the Mayor alleges that there is evidence in his office which goes to show that the Superintendent, when he made out his list of questions to be asked by the assistant-marshals, omitted one question, the answer to which he afterwards had to get the New York police to procure for him. This the force did, and did well, thus showing, according to Hall, that the Census Bureau is ill-managed, and that the policemen are better than the marshals. The facts are, that the law under which the census is taken—and under which, by the way, Whigs, Democrats, and Republicans have taken it, and at the same time of the year, for many years—is a law not in all respects what it ought to be; and statisticians being disappointed in their efforts to have it amended last winter, the Superintendent followed the practice of his predecessors, and begged mayors of cities to secure for him, if they could, an enumeration of the horses within corporate limits. As the law stands, horses not on farms are not asked for. There was, then, no failure on the part of the Census Bureau in this instance, but rather there was zeal and faithfulness that outwent requirement. It is just as satisfactorily proved that some at least of the letters which have been printed, containing charges of inefficiency on the part of the assistant-marshals, the books of the marshal show to have been false, and the statements of the real owners of the names show to have been forgeries. There is no evidence that the census is not being taken honestly, whether perfectly or not; and there is little belief, notwithstanding the disappointment of the queer sort of pride—the pride in living in a city of ten thousand more inhabitants, instead of one with ten thousand less—that the outcries we hear are anything else than the clamor of our rascally makers of fraudulent majorities.

We have spoken elsewhere of Mr. Phillips's appearance on the political stage, but the particularly nice political mess he would seem to have got into we have not there pointed out. But, for that matter, a fatality has always dogged the footsteps of our reformers, when they turn "practical" politicians, of getting at once and all over into the most malodorous pools, and in company with the unsavoriest of companions. In old days, it was not by might nor by power that the thing was to be done, we used to hear, but by my spirit, saith the Lord; so there was always some poor devil of an anti-slavery man up for punishment for holding the heresy that testimony might be borne by means of primary meetings as well as by other means. To-day, appearances are deceitful if Mr. Phillips, at the head of the Labor Reformers, who would narrow the sphere of woman; and of the Woman's Rights women, who would learn trades and get men's wages; and of the Prohibitionists, who hold St. Paul's views about woman, and would cut off the Labor Reformers' whiskey—appearances are deceitful if he, and Doctor George B. Loring, and Mr. James M. Usher—an ex-clergyman, who edits a prohibition journal—appearances are deceitful if these three former "war-horses" are not pulling like wheel-horses for the purpose of giving control of the Massachusetts Legislature to B. F. Butler. That, at any rate, is held to be the not improbable result of the movements now going on in Massachusetts. Senator Wilson is to leave the Senate; Doctor Loring is to be Governor after all; some one yet to be designated is to go to the Senate—possibly Butler, possibly Phillips, possibly Dawes—but whoever goes anywhere, Butler is to be the general patron and manager. We cannot say that we object to a "new deal" in Massachusetts, but what about the spirit of the Lord in these rearrangements? That the proposed combinations were ever projected, or that they will ever be made, is more than we could make oath to; but it is so said. Mr. Butler, however, informs the Boston *Advertiser* that anybody who says he wants to go to the United States in anybody's place is "a liar." This ought to be conclusive; but somehow people still wait.

WILL "THE MIRACLE OF 1792" REPEAT ITSELF?

IN the summer of 1792, France was partly invaded and partly threatened by armies of an extensive coalition. Prussia and Austria were marching against her; the Empire and the King of Sardinia were ready to join them; Spain, Rome, and Naples were expected to follow suit; Russia promised aid to the invaders; the English Parliament rang with thundering appeals against the invaded. In one word, the whole of Europe seemed to enter upon a crusade against an isolated state, and that a state convulsed and shaken to its very foundations by an unparalleled revolution, a state whose ruler was a captive in his own blood-deluged capital, whose army was demoralized and half-disbanded, and whose legislature was dictated to by frenzied mobs. Revolutionary France seemed to be lost, her leaders doomed to terrible vengeance. But revolutionary France, instead of sinking upon her knees before Europe in arms, only redoubled the inner fury which seemed to consume her, and by dint of that fury drove the foe beyond the frontier, and carried war, convulsion, and freedom into the lands of the invaders. The world was astounded by this extraordinary phenomenon, and even posterity calls it still "the miracle of 1792." And at the time of our writing, seeing France again invaded, convulsed, and menaced in her integrity and with but slight chances of an ordinary escape from the terrible consequences of folly and disaster, the observer, led by a more or less sympathetic curiosity, anxiously asks himself and history, Is there much probability of the miracle of 1792 repeating itself? Can France, the ensnared giant, once more arise like a Samson, and by one grand exertion shake off the foes? The answer of history, if studied with candor in connection with the present, is—we must state it—sadly discouraging to the friend of France, and that on various grounds.

First, the invasion of 1792, compared with the one which last month laid low the armies of Napoleon III., was far from being in any degree powerful, in spite of the vast dimensions it apparently assumed. The armies sent against France were neither numerous nor brought up in the school of victory; their movements were slow and vacillating; their commanders pedantic or imbecile followers of an old traditional strategy, which became entirely worthless when the genius of revolution created its own in the French camps; the monarchies which sent them were as hostile to each other as they were to the common enemy. The stupid intermeddling of the French refugees, who were so influential in bringing about the coalition, the intrigues of the wretched statesmen—Thugut, Haugwitz, Lucchesini, and others—who at that time managed affairs at the courts of Vienna and Berlin, the secret plottings of the allies against each other, and the rivalries of the respective commanders, made all harmonious action by the Prussian and Austrian armies impossible. The mere resistance of Kellerman to the cannonade at Valmy sufficed to cause the retreat of the Prussians under the Duke of Brunswick; and Dumouriez's indecisive fight at Jemappes, to throw the Austrians, under Clairfait, upon the defensive. The first—endangered minor members of the Empire—the clerical electors of Mentz and Treves, and the Palatine—afraid of their own plundered and outraged subjects no less than of the French republicans, abandoned their territories without daring to strike a blow. The troops of the Sardinian despot were driven from Savoy by his own revolted subjects. Spain engaged in the war only when victory had declared in favor of the Republic, and then under the auspices of Godoy, a queen's favorite, of whom it was believed—Lord Holland relates it—that, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he did not know the difference between Russia and Prussia. Rome and Naples hesitated, as became their impotence, and, when Spain was beaten, wisely preferred to do nothing. Catharine was too much engaged in fighting and dismembering Poland to keep her promise on Western battle-fields; and England, when she resolved on war, could do little more than waste her treasures on worthless allies, who finally betrayed and deserted each other. And is it necessary, in order to show the vast difference between the invasion of 1792 and that of 1870, to draw parallels between that tool of charlatans and mistresses, Frederic William II., and William I.; between the Prince of Coburg and Moltke; between Lucchesini and Bismarck; or between Valmy and Jemappes and Gravelotte and Sedan?

And then, in fighting the ill-commanded, scattered, and disunited

forces of the then degenerate, womanish, and generally priest-ridden courts of Vienna, Berlin, Turin, and Madrid, revolutionary France drew her courage, inspiration, and boldness not only from her first, almost unexpected military successes, but from deeper and mightier sources. These were—the necessity of conquering or perishing, of destroying or being destroyed; the fanaticism of new ideas, more powerful than any that had ever agitated Europe, ideas which acted with the magic of a world-regenerating revelation; the intoxication with which the recent victories, in the name of equality and fraternity, over caste, the throne, and the altar had filled the masses of the self-disfranchised people; the concentrated power of volcanic forces which an all-crushing terrorism knew how to elicit from the scattered members of a nation suddenly aroused to terrible self-consciousness; and, finally, the certainty of meeting with allies burning with equal passions wherever a breach could be made in the ramparts of effete tyranny. At the moment when Ferdinand of Brunswick began his retreat, retiring like a lamb after having roared like a lion, the Convention met, and decreed a new era for France and the world. France believed in it, and her hosts carried their faith triumphantly far beyond her borders, as the followers of Islam had carried theirs from Mecca to the Pyrenees.

Now, all these sources of inspiration and success are wanting to the menaced France of to-day. She has not only to fight well-organized and well-led armies, flushed with patriotic enthusiasm and the pride of wonted victory; she has not only met with crushing and humbling reverses at the very opening of the contest; but, what is worse, she is devoid of even a spark of that fanaticism which saved here in 1792, and made Paris a world-shaking volcano in the following years. She entered the lists with a bad conscience, and debauched and enervated by twenty years of the most degrading of tyrannies, and that a tyranny based on mere materialism, and accepted from political apathy and cynical unbelief in ideas; and she has now, in this supreme crisis, no other moral resource to fall back upon but ordinary patriotism, a sentiment capable of great sacrifices, but not of miracles. The grand ideas which by turns inspired or agitated France after 1789 have all sadly spent their force. The republic, instead of founding fraternity and freedom, led, in the first instance, through the massacres of Paris, the *noyades* of Nantes, the *mitrailleurs* of Lyons, and the like, to the 18th Brumaire; in the second, through the 10th of December, 1848, and the 2d of December, 1851, to the ignominious self-abdication of the sovereign people in 1832. Bonapartism—that is, "la Gloire"—ended, in the first instance, after the sacrifice by France of millions of her sons to that idol, with the surrender of Paris and the captivity at St. Helena; and, in the second, with the more humiliating surrender at Sedan and the farcical captivity at Wilhelmshöhe. Revived Bourbon legitimism killed itself, in July, 1830, by its own stupidity. Orleanism, which replaced it, showed its inherent want of vitality by being swept away by a slight revolutionary blast, in February, 1848. Socialism made itself hateful by leading to the carnage of June, 1848, in which it was stifled; and universal suffrage lost all its sanctity by sanctioning every act and demand of triumphant usurpation. And, to make the case worse, while France is without faith and without enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of her foes, the Germans, and their proud belief in their own intellectual and military superiority, have risen to a pitch never before reached, and are productive of astounding displays of energy.

At the moment, too, when France has to make her supreme effort, her organism, as of late constituted, finds itself almost fatally deranged, not to say destroyed. Paris, which has become both her head and heart, is, so to say, severed from the trunk of the country, and its other disjointed members, from which the effort is expected, are left palpitating, but without sufficient life of their own. This condition is owing to the stupendous centralization which the Revolution created, the First Empire developed, and all subsequent reigns strengthened, and which, radically transforming the organism of the nation, has finally almost entirely drained the provinces of brains, impulse, and self-directing power. All authority—military, judicial, or administrative—all political or intellectual leadership—all higher talent, in whatever branch of mental activity—has been turned into that one grand reservoir, Paris. All French men of eminence in the ruling spheres

of national life are Parisians by education or in consequence of their public career. The country is accustomed to receive from that all-directing centre its administration, its guidance, its convictions, its intelligence, its impulses, its very life-blood. All this, again, was vastly different at the time when revolutionary France was invaded and menaced. There was life, independent vitality, and animation in all her limbs, and the common focus, Paris, served to unite and regulate the national forces without anywhere exhausting them. Nay, Paris at that time received its inspiration, its greatest intelligence, its violent impulses, in main part, from the country, which teemed with talent and passion. The first armed resistance to the absolutism of Louis XVI. came from Dauphiné and Bretagne. Provence sent to Paris the most powerful orator of the time, Mirabeau, and the almost equally eloquent Girondists, Isnard and Barbaroux. Vergniaud, Guadet, and Gensonné, the foremost leaders of the Girondist party, came from the department from which it derived its name; their able and noble-hearted associate, Lanjuinais, from Rennes; Buzot, from Evreux; Pétion, from Chartres; Roland, from Lyons. Bretons formed the club out of which that of the Jacobins was developed, and the most terrible of terrorists, Barère, Merlin de Thionville, Billaud-Varennes, Fabre d'Églantine, and Robespierre himself, with his two nearest associates, St. Just and Couthon, were provincials, as were also the most conspicuous clerical revolutionists—men widely different in character—the Abbé Grégoire, Bishop Talleyrand, and the Capucin Chabot. Mme. Roland and Charlotte Corday came from the provinces, and so also “the organizer of victory,” Carnot, and its great promoter, the Marseillaise. For such abilities and passions it is vain to look to the country districts of the France of to-day, while Paris is isolated, paralyzed, and perhaps on the eve of a surrender. Patriotic endurance, blunders on the part of Prussia, and the intervention of disease or of foreign powers, may still restore France in her integrity; but salvation through a repetition of “the miracle of 1792” seems to us as little possible as salvation through the appearance of another Joan d’Arc.

WHY THE WAR HAS NOT BEEN MORE DISASTROUS TO TRADE.

PROBABLY no one topic connected with the war now pending excites more general remark in American business circles, or leads to more frequent enquiry, than the fact that, financially and commercially, this gigantic war has been productive of so little disturbance. With the exception of a sharp but very temporary panic in Frankfurt, of a similar but far more circumscribed panic in London, some trouble in the English cotton markets, a momentary flare in gold in New York, and minor disturbances in all the countries largely engaged in trade with the combatants, the effects so far have been insignificant, compared to what was anticipated from a war that five years ago would have convulsed the financial and commercial worlds from centre to circumference. In seeking to ascertain the reasons why this particular war has been so unproductive of disturbance, we must necessarily first ascertain the reasons why other wars have, on the contrary, been eminently productive of the very disturbances whose absence we now hail with a satisfaction not altogether unmingled with doubt and hesitation.

Attentive readers of the *Nation* need not be reminded that the foreign trade of even the most commercial peoples of modern times is utterly insignificant in amount compared with their domestic trade. The people of the United States possess in their decennial census, imperfect as it is, better means than any other nation of establishing with some degree of accuracy the relative proportions of these two classes of trades. In 1860, the United States, according to their census of that year, produced commodities of the aggregate value of 8,000 millions of dollars. The best statisticians, knowing the method of obtaining these figures, consider them very largely below the true value. We will, for convenience’ sake, assume what is indeed far more nearly correct, that the total value of the products of that year was 10,000 millions of dollars. In the same year, our imports from foreign countries were, in round numbers, 300 millions of dollars, or really only *three per cent.* of the value of our domestic product. Our domestic product changes hands, in the course of remanufacture and distribution, probably oftener than the articles imported from abroad, so that the

actual amount of domestic trade is far larger in proportion than what we have stated. But enough is shown to give a clear understanding of the fact that the amount of the foreign trade of a nation is insignificant compared to its domestic trade, amounting in our case to only two or three per cent. This fact once established, we immediately recognize the important distinction between wars that affect the domestic trade of a nation and those that affect its foreign trade. Our war of secession temporarily destroyed our entire domestic trade, and it was this that made its outbreak so disastrous to ourselves and, *in consequence*, so ruinous to all nations dealing with us. Our entire foreign commerce might have been swept away, and the loss to ourselves, and consequently to friendly nations, would not have been great; while the destruction of our domestic trade involved us all in ruin, and thereby prevented us from fulfilling our engagements with foreign nations, who suffered accordingly. Prussia’s foreign commerce is almost entirely destroyed, yet the consequences are comparatively insignificant, for her domestic trade is unharmed. France, with her foreign trade untouched, is commercially disorganized, through the destruction of her domestic trade by invasion. We shall see further on why the ruin of French domestic commerce has been less injurious to other nations than might seem natural.

The destruction of the foreign commerce of a nation by a war of its own or of other nations may, however, be very disastrous, if it involves the inability of procuring certain articles of food, or certain raw materials, on which any large portion of its domestic trade is essentially dependent. The cutting-off of England’s cotton supply through our war worked incalculable injury to millions of people in England, and would have been tenfold more injurious if the enormous crops of the two preceding years had not caused such an accumulation of this important staple of English industry as to enable her gradually and measurably to accommodate herself to the deficiency, or to supply it from other sources. Nothing of this kind has taken place in the present war. Prussia’s cotton industry is comparatively unimportant, while that of France, of much greater magnitude, is not in danger of deficient supplies, owing to her superiority at sea. In this way another very important element of commercial disturbance is eliminated from this war. Again, both nations are large producers of food. France, a moderate buyer of foreign cereals and meats, is not interfered with in her obtaining her supplies from abroad; while Germany, who produces a surplus for export, suffers only to the extent of not being able to dispose of her excess.

The ever-widening area of commerce tends in itself to diminish the violence of the effects produced by war. Where all nations are trading in all the markets of the world, the temporary loss of one market is less severely felt than it would be were any nation dependent on that market alone. And the extraordinarily rapid increase of means of conveyance and communication between nations tends still further to modify the evil. French goods destined for the German markets, German goods destined for France, which ten years ago, on the outbreak of war, would have been stopped in their course, and remained unsalable and valueless in the hands of manufacturers, have now, in hundreds of cases, thanks to railroads, steamships, and telegraphs, been with lightning speed placed beyond reach, forwarded to England or here, and frequently been paid for by telegraph before the ink on the declaration of war was fairly dry. Orders for merchandise from the antipodes, which might not have been paid for on arrival, were stopped by the silent messengers under the sea, and vessels in the most distant oceans were taught to seek the shelter of neutral ports or hasten home. Scarcely a Prussian vessel has been seized by French cruisers. In the same way, moneys due or about to become due to merchants of either belligerent nation were forwarded by telegraphic order from the four corners of the globe, and thus thousands of solvent and responsible houses saved from the bankruptcy that would otherwise have become inevitable. The ocean cable has done more to mitigate the commercial and financial evils of war than a dozen Treaties of Paris.

But more than by all these circumstances combined has been done by a single fact to limit the commercial and financial disturbances of the present war, a fact repeatedly referred to in these columns—the great

diminution of speculation everywhere. Whatever demagogues or country newspapers may say to the contrary, speculation is an effect, not a cause. Half-a-dozen gambling sharpers in Wall Street, or in the Chicago grain-market, or on the race-course, may sometimes combine to raise or depress an article artificially, and may accomplish their object, although in nine cases out of ten they fail. But, with these rare exceptions, speculation does not cause the fluctuations in prices—it is the fluctuations in prices that cause the speculation. Now, since the Napoleonic wars, there has not been a destruction of property, a disturbance of production and of commerce, equal to that resulting from our war of secession. These causes inevitably produced the most violent fluctuations in values all over the world, and just as inevitably resulted in a fever for gigantic speculations, from which no corner of the globe seemed free. It took three or four years after the close of the war to restore the equilibrium between production and consumption the world over, and to bring back regularity to the ebb and flow of commerce, which is nothing but an unconscious effort to maintain this equilibrium at all times and at all places. This equilibrium has been restored; for two years past, the violent fluctuations in price of almost all articles of trade have been naturally diminishing, and have gradually ceased, until during the last year, and especially since this spring, the temptation, the motive, the very opportunity to speculate, have been wanting in Europe as well as here. Now, the practical course of speculation is this: One speculator buys an article which is not wanted at the moment, in the expectation that it will be wanted shortly, and that he can then sell it at a profit; this speculator, then, has goods on hand which may be very valuable at some future time, but which for the moment are unsalable. Another speculator agrees to deliver an article which is in active demand at the time, in the expectation that, before he is called upon to deliver it, the demand will be less or the supply greater, so that he can then buy it at a profit; this speculator, then, has agreed to deliver goods which at some future day may be abundant to excess, but which for the moment are scarcely obtainable at any price. When war breaks out during the prevalence of such speculation, in many cases the holder of the momentarily undesirable goods is forced to sell, the price rapidly declines, the article becomes entirely unsalable in one market, the stock on hand is rapidly sent elsewhere and forced on sale, the extra supply overstocks that market too, prices there decline likewise and the article becomes unsalable, and this will continue, and has repeatedly continued, so far that the forced realization of one article speculatively held in one market has involved all the markets of the civilized world in common panic and ruin. The reverse action takes place with articles sold speculatively. The enormous advance creates as great loss in one case as the fall in the other. On the outbreak of war, the natural tendency everywhere is to close up such speculative contracts. Where speculation has been large and general, the number of contracts, and the consequent confusion and loss, will be correspondingly great. In fact, the worst losses and panics on the outbreak of war result precisely from the closing up of such speculative transactions; and this explains why the recent cessation or diminution of speculation everywhere has prevented the present war from causing as much disturbance and confusion as everybody had anticipated.

There is another important element tending to diminish the evil effects of this war on commerce and finance. When war breaks out, and trade is interrupted, and prices fluctuate, and merchants lose money, then credit suffers. No one knows how long he may be able to command the same credit facilities as he has had heretofore in the transaction of his business. Every one, therefore, tries to possess himself of all the cash that he can get. Every one collects his debts and sells property, so as to have plenty of cash. The effect of this is, that all countries owing money immediately have to send away money to pay their debts. Heretofore, the only way people had of paying their debts was to send gold coin, the circulating medium of the country. This shipping away coin always led to making coin scarce, to making money tight, and of itself created the most violent disturbances in the money and merchandise markets of the world. During the last few years, so great has become the confidence of the three principal nations of Europe in the safety and value of the United

States bonds, that they have become more readily salable in all their markets than any other kind of movable property whatsoever. Being easily transported, indeed far more easily and more safely than coin, they have, throughout the earlier stages of the war, been very largely used for the purpose of paying debts between the three countries, and have thus in a measure obviated the necessity of shipping coin backward and forward, and thus disturbing the circulating medium of the country, with all its attendant evils. Strange as it may seem, the holding of a thousand million dollars of our bonds in Europe has had the same effect, as far as the war is concerned, as an addition of that amount to the coin circulation of the countries holding them.

In summing up, then, the causes why this gigantic war has not been more injurious to trade, we find that Prussia is not to any extent dependent on her foreign trade, and that her domestic trade is comparatively unharmed; that France maintains her foreign trade, but suffers seriously at home; that the losses of all nations in their foreign trade are very much mitigated by the extension of the telegraph and of steam communication; that the losses of France especially, and of all other nations with her, are comparatively light, owing to the absence of speculation; and, finally, that the war has not interfered as much as formerly with the coin circulation of the nations, owing to their possession of a large amount of United States bonds, which have been substituted for coin in payment of international balances. What effect the war may have in the future, if not speedily ended, lies hidden from the sight of even the shrewdest financial authorities.

TERTULLIAN AT THE AMPHITHEATRE.

EVERYBODY possessing even a slight acquaintance with ecclesiastical history knows with what energy Tertullian thundered against the circus and its sports, and with what awful earnestness he warned believers of the danger, as well as the sin, of even a single visit of curiosity. He tells of one pious young man who, going for the mere purpose of satisfying himself as to the nature of its horrors, speedily fell a victim to its unholy fascinations. "*Spectavit, clamavit, exarsit,*" says the Father. The youth, as he looked on, soon joined in the pitiless roar of applause which rewarded the victor and sent the vanquished to his death, and glowed with the diabolical excitement of the heathen about him. Tertullian's language was not of the choicest, and modern theologians smile over the striking resemblance which some of his denunciations of heretics bear to the editorial articles of the *Knoxville Whig* or the *Louisville Journal* in the days when Parson Brownlow and George D. Prentice gave to the world through these journals their opinions of their country's enemies and of their own. But his preachings had no little part not only in the overthrow of the amphitheatre, but in the creation of that horror of theatrical amusements which the church, in all denominations, has preserved down to our time as a sacred tradition. Many a New York or Boston Christian who abstains from theatre-going has little idea how much the thunders of this long-deceased doctor against the *spectacula* of ancient Rome have had to do with the rule which keeps him at home from Wallack's or the Globe. We may imagine, therefore, what the sensations of an early Christian would have been if, on entering the amphitheatre, he had seen Tertullian standing up among the knights, and frantically applauding the quick throws of the net, or the steady thrusts of the sword. Or, to use modern illustration, suppose, on entering a travelling circus, we were to recognize a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church engaged in the performance of the hoop-trick from the backs of three horses, clothed in flesh-colored tights, and wearing a garland of artificial flowers on his head, which of us could restrain his indignation, and whose indignation would long stand in the way of his amusement?

And yet, there is a spectacle not very unlike Tertullian's appearance in the Flavian Amphitheatre at a gladiatorial show, or Bishop Potter's engagement as a champion acrobat—we ask his pardon for this use of his name, even in jest—by the managers of the Continental Circus and Menagerie, to be witnessed at this moment in Massachusetts, in the appearance of Mr. Wendell Phillips as the candidate for the governorship, nominated by two political parties—the Prohibitionists and "Labor Reformers"—with a powerful support, it is said, in the shape

of campaign speeches from the friends of woman's suffrage. Indeed, the whole combination irresistibly recalls the circus and its feats. It is neither more nor less than the well-known pyramid trick performed in the political arena, the floor covered with the rhetorical "soft sawder," and a good anti-slavery "record" spread out under the athlete's feet, in lieu of the drugget which keeps the dust from the tumblers in the actual circus of our childhood. These little arrangements made, the strong man takes his stand, firmly planted on his legs, and his arms akimbo. Up one side of him lightly skips the Prohibitionist, and up the other side lightly trips the Labor Reformer; each perches himself on one of his shoulders, amidst thunders of applause. And now, when the audience is already well satisfied, appears Lovely Woman, kisses the tips of her fingers to the crowd, and, smiling, dashes up the champion also, and, with a lift from the Prohibitionist and a counter-lift from the Labor Reformer, plants herself over all, and forms the apex.

There are people who think this very fine, and there are others who think it simply funny. We do not agree with either, and we propose, in all seriousness, to give the reason why. It makes but little difference, on the whole, who is Governor of Massachusetts; and Mr. Phillips, if elected—which we suppose there is no chance of his being—would, perhaps, make quite as good a governor as most of his predecessors, and better than a great many. But it makes a great difference to us all whether men who go into politics, and have secured—no matter how—enough of popular confidence to get the support of any body of persons sufficiently large to be called "a party," bear themselves like charlatans or like honest men. Mr. Phillips has spent a considerable portion of his waking hours, for thirty years, fiercely abusing people who thought good might be accomplished in this country by remaining connected with political organizations. On this, or on any question of expediency or tactics, of course it is permitted to every man to change his mind or his course of action; but decency requires that anybody who has made himself for half a lifetime a railing and vituperative supporter of one view, should go over to the other, if not gradually, at least in silence and without *éclat*. It is possible, we suppose, for a bishop to become an acrobat; but a bishop who had familiarized a whole generation with his denunciations of the spectacular drama, and who finally became satisfied that it was his duty to figure on the tight-rope or in the ballet himself, would owe it, we will not say to his office or to the church, but to the dignity of human nature—to the regard that everybody born of woman has, or ought to have, for at least the appearance of reasonableness and consistency in human conduct—either to put an interval of considerable length between his preaching and his degradation, or to enter on his new calling in a strange place. It would not be possible for the men whose characters he had defamed and vilified, and whose motives he had traduced, and whose views of duty he had ridiculed, because they chose to attend the theatre, to see him appear as a mountebank on their own stage without feeling their gorge rise.

But this is not all, and is not the worst. We suppose that there is no doubt amongst rational men that it is the duty of anybody who has got influence—no matter how—over any number of his fellow-men, no matter how small, to avoid rousing feelings of bitter hostility between class and class, on the ground of alleged wrongs committed by one against the other, unless he is sure they are wrongs, and is prepared to suggest a remedy. The mark of the "demagogue," indeed, that which enables people to distinguish him from the reformer, is that he never has any cure to propose for the evils he denounces. The set of people called Labor Reformers in Massachusetts, as well as elsewhere, as well as can be made out from their proceedings, complain of two things—the lowness of their wages and the length of their hours of work. They propose to remedy these evils by compelling all workingmen to work for eight hours only, and all employers to pay as much for the eight as for the ten hours' labor, and seem to have vague ideas also about legislation in aid of loans of money at low rates of interest and about the equal division of the soil. We are not aware, however, that Mr. Phillips has on the whole labor question more than one rational idea—namely, that leisure is a good thing, and that poverty is a

bad thing. His letters and speeches convey the impression that long indulgence in epigrammatic and vituperative rhetoric has deprived him of the power of consecutive thought on any subject; and his itinerant habits can hardly have left him much time for study, even if he had still the power to study with profit. At the close of a rhapsody about labor delivered a few months ago in Boston, he cited, as proof that he was "treading on solid ground," the example of Mrs. Flint, the Boston dress-maker, who, in her treatment of her workers, had, he said, solved the labor problem. Within a few days, a notorious trial revealed the fact that she was a very ordinary specimen of her class. During the Reconstruction agitation he screamed for confiscation, and entertained his disciples with the affirmation, in support of this view, that all that was valuable in the French Revolution was due to the confiscation of the land of the nobles for the benefit of the peasantry. An hour's reading would have shown him that it had no foundation in fact, and would have led his disciples to suspect that, like a good many of his "historical" illustrations, it was manufactured on the spot. Nevertheless, though without any plan for the reorganization of the relations between labor and capital, without ever having uttered one thought on the subject of the slightest value either to the legislator or to the philanthropist, and he himself living, and having always lived, on the interest of capital accumulated, kept, and used in the ordinary way, he has no hesitation in informing his labor reformers that "it is a shame to our Christianity and civilization for our social system to provide and expect that one man at seventy years of age should be lord of many thousands of dollars, while hundreds of other men who have made as good use of their talents and opportunities lean on charity for their daily bread."

This, if it means anything, means that Christianity teaches and the law ought to provide that those who, through talent, energy, industry, or self-denial have accumulated thousands of dollars, ought not to be permitted at seventy years of age to enjoy them, but ought to be forced to divide with everybody who would like a share of them, and who says he has "made a good use of his talents and opportunities." And this pernicious nonsense is uttered in the presence and hearing of hundreds of thousands of ignorant laborers all over the country, who are thirsting for a life without toil, and whose efforts in pursuit of it are disorganizing nearly every branch of industry, are marked by every variety of crime and outrage, and are exercising a markedly deteriorating influence on the arts.

But his performances on the question of Chinese immigration, though part and parcel of the labor-reform exhibition, deserve a separate mention, the more particularly as we have in our drawer one or two letters, from friends and admirers of his, trying to persuade us that, in laughing over him recently, we have been pulling the beard of a prophet. We might travel far and wait long before we could light on a finer specimen of political legerdemain. The way in which he and his confederates cover up their refusal to apply to the Chinese "the principles of the Declaration of Independence" is, first, by calling Chinamen brought to the United States under contract "coolies"—a question-begging epithet, which at once gives them the benefit of all the horror excited by the history of the coolie trade in the Spanish and French colonies. Nevertheless, they know perfectly well that the "coolie trade" cannot be carried on with any country in which there exists no penal machinery for the enforcement of the contract; and that as long as Mr. Sampson, at North Adams, for instance, cannot put his Chinamen in prison, or have them flogged, if they leave his service, there is no more of the "coolie" about them than about the German or Irish laborers. He has no more control over them than he has over his cook. Mr. Phillips, feeling probably that the "coolie" device would not work, produced in his organ a prodigious cloud of declamation on the justice and expediency and humanity of welcoming to these shores men of every race and color, and declared that we should all be the better for the mixture. Thus far, he stood on the old humanitarian ground, and the Irish Crispins, who compose so much of his following, must have looked horror-stricken. But here he gave them the wink, and produced the qualification, which was, that the more Chinamen came among us the better, provided they came "spontaneously"—that is, he explained, did not

have their passage paid by a capitalist. Now, the real meaning of this is—and we feel sure the Massachusetts Crispins have got hold of it as well as we, and have ere this many a time laughed about it over their illicit whiskey—that he is ready to receive all Chinamen into this temple of liberty, with open arms and open heart, provided very few Chinamen come. He will valiantly defend their “rights” as long as they don’t seek to exercise them; maintain their “equality” as long as they don’t claim it; and proclaim, trumpet-tongued, the desirableness of every Chinaman who can get here coming here, as long as hardly any mind what he says. The voyage from China to the United States is long and expensive; none but the very poor seek employment away from home, and are willing to make it; they are, therefore, sure not to make it if you forbid those who want their labor to advance them part of their wages to pay their passage, or, what is the same thing, forbid employers to enter into any contract binding the laborers to repay the money after they get here. Make the most stringent contract you please, and the capitalist cannot bind them effectually; but if you prohibit any contract at all, the capitalist will “import” no Chinamen, and therefore no Chinamen will come, and the labor reformers and their chief will have the credit of being first-class humanitarians and spread-eagle democrats and at the same time keep the labor-market to themselves. On similar terms, the Irish Crispins would never have got here. Had they been six thousand miles away instead of three, comparatively few would have made their way over; if “spontaneously” means paying their own passage, and not paying it with money sent from here, next to none; and the flag would have waved and Mr. Phillips have opened his eloquent bosom to the oppressed and downtrodden of the universe in vain. The truth is, the Irish and Germans, whom Mr. Phillips welcomes, are, to a large extent, “imported by the concerted action of capitalists.” Capitalists build emigrant ships, organize emigrant associations, establish emigrant car-lines, form land companies for emigrants, send out agents to Europe, and for their own especial profit import Germans, Irish, and others, including not a few very low in the scale of humanity, in “overwhelming masses.” “Native American” demagogues, as will be remembered, had no objections to a small number of Irish or Germans provided they came in a “natural” way; but the “artificial” process and the stimulus given and the facilities afforded by “concerted capital,” this it was that threatened danger and made combination necessary to prevent it. Mr. Phillips’s watchword is: “When rich men conspire, let poor men combine.” Strike out “poor men” and insert *Protestants*, and the epigram would have suited the Know-Nothing orator of 1855 to a nicety.

NOTES ON THE WAR.

II.

MUCH has been said of the unprepared condition in which France found herself for a great war; of the corrupt channels into which money appropriated for military purposes had found its way; and of the ignorance both of the nation and of the Emperor of the true condition of things. That there was no efficient directing head, the results have fully shown. In the place of such able war ministers as Marshal Vaillant and Marshal Niel had shown themselves to be, there were only a Leboruf and a Palikao to take their places in the Emperor’s estimation—the one who had shown himself more apt at gathering treasury pap at home, and the other loot in China, than in organizing and administering the forces of a great nation. That the Emperor should have been ignorant of this state of the army seems hardly credible; for it could not have been of very recent date, as Marshal Niel, who was placed in charge of the War Office in 1868, and died in this position in 1869, was too honest a man to have concealed it from him. As to what has been said as to recent remarks of Louis Napoleon, that the war had been forced upon him by public opinion, although it cannot relieve the French people from their mad eagerness for it, the question may be fairly put, Who had been most instrumental in forming this public opinion, and in taking advantage of characteristic national traits and weaknesses? Was it not the Emperor himself? With a muzzled press and a muzzled legislative body, with every attempt at honest investigation into matters that concerned the public interests stopped at once, whenever the authorities thought it was to their interest that they ought not to see the light, public opinion was what the

head of the state might choose to make it—particularly on all points where the national vanity could be played upon.

That no inconsiderable share in the failure of the French armies in the present contest is due to the very training and the overweening confidence acquired by the soldiers in their African schooling, was stated in my last article (Sept. 15). This opinion, which had been previously expressed by the writer (Aug. 13) in a daily evening contemporary, in these words, “Had the French people any solid grounds for their confident expectations of success? Was the African service, in which her army has had its principal practice, the best for training the private soldier or for forming the great strategist for a great war? Was not the African service better calculated to make good partisan officers than great generals?”—was held, as it appears, by the highest military authority in Prussia, General Von Moltke, who, in a letter published in the *Salut Public* of Lyons—a translation of which appeared in the *New York Times*, Sept. 13—is reported to have said to a French officer who visited him at Berlin: “Do not talk to me of your military education in Africa. If you have never been there, so much the better; when you become general, you will be glad of it. The war you have been carrying on against the Arabs for forty years is a *guérillerie* of an inferior order. With that school, you will do no more than form other schools like it. The first great war will demonstrate your inefficiency.” These remarks, from a most accomplished scientific theorist of his profession, who has seen war on its grandest scale, are of more than mere passing interest. They are true of all times and of all nations, and are worthy of the consideration of any nation in organizing and carrying into effect its military policy. The difference in the one pointed out by Von Moltke and that pursued by the French is that between the jobber who caters for some local market and the importer who supplies a country’s wants.

This is no ideal view of the case. The first great war in which France has been engaged since the fall of the First Empire has demonstrated its truth. It has demonstrated most fearfully the inefficiency of her generals and her soldiers, though both classes teem with men splendidly brave and skilful, so far as their training went. Beyond the massing of MacMahon’s, Bazaine’s, and Frossard’s armies on the frontier line, from Metz to Strasbourg, with an apparent intention of an offensive campaign, was there any clear evidence of a well-considered plan on the part of the higher French military authorities? None, thus far, has come to light. The movement appears almost an impromptu one. War had been declared, and something had to be done, and that something could only be done in the direction of the enemy, *et voilà tout*. The line occupied by the French forces has been spoken of as a long thin one, weak at all its points. This is not so. The French corps immediately in front of the Prussians, on the 1st of August, and holding the positions of Thionville, Metz, St. Avold, Saarguemines, Bitsch, and Strasbourg, numbered about 250,000. Besides these there were two corps of 30,000 men each, one at Châlons, the other at Belfort and Besançon. These, with artillery and reserve cavalry, made up a total force estimated at 350,000 men. Between Metz and Strasbourg there are only about one hundred miles, with good communications between the two places, several fortified points on this front, as Pfalzbourg and Bitsch, and others, as Thionville, on the flanks. When Bonaparte made his first brilliant campaign in Italy, in 1796, his army, consisting of but forty or fifty thousand men, occupied a front of about eighty miles; and in the Austro-Prussian campaign of 1866, the Prussian corps that invaded Bohemia were fully ninety miles apart when they were passing through the difficult defiles of the Erz-Gebirge and Riesen-Gebirge ranges, which form the north-western and north-eastern boundaries of Bohemia, and had no means of mutual support until they reached the battle-field of Sadowa. These are not cited as strategical models, but as showing what may be done with good troops in skilful hands. In fact, if the French acted at all offensively, they could not well have made any other dispositions than were made at the outset. The blunders were subsequent.

After making the movement on Saarbrück, in which the Prince Imperial received his *baptême de feu*, as described in the farcical despatch of the Emperor to the Empress, the French suddenly commenced a retrograde movement from there, according to the official account of the immediate subsequent movements of the Prussians, in which it is stated that, “on the 6th of August, the First Prussian Army found itself between Saarbrücken and Saar Louis, facing the French Second Corps occupying Spichern Heights, near Saarbrücken. The Fourteenth Division attacked as the French were preparing to leave on their trains. . . . Frossard retired from Forbach to Metz.” MacMahon, at the same time, who had

previously been driven from Weissenburg, and had fallen back towards Nancy, was forced to give way, and finally continued his retreat to Reims. Bazaine's army, during these events, was in the vicinity of Metz; and from all that we have learned from the confused accounts up to this time, there seemed to be no head that could say, as Napoleon I. is reported to have said on a memorable occasion of like confusion: "The military chess-board is in a very confused condition. I alone can see my way clearly in it." As the official report referred to tells us: "Meanwhile, the First Corps moved on Metz, waiting for the Second Army, which had to lay a railway track as it moved along. On the 14th of August the First Army was placed thus," etc. Here commenced that series of engagements which enabled the Prussian army to cross the Moselle, plant itself between Bazaine's army and Paris, and drive that general under the walls of Metz.

The Prussians here repeated the strategy of Napoleon I. against the Austrians, which led to the surrender of General Mack and his army of 80,000 men at Munich, and which was the opening blow of the memorable campaign of 1805. But, in this case, Mack was surprised, however blamable his want of vigilance may have been, which left Napoleon I. to cut him off completely from his base, and close every avenue to his escape. This, however, could not have been the case with Bazaine. He must have been fully informed of the events that had occurred, have had data enough to guess with some accuracy the strength of the Prussians, and to infer his own inability to cope with them in the open field, before these movements, so disastrous to him in the subsequent bloody battles of the 17th and 18th of August, took place; and yet we find him holding his position nearly a week after MacMahon with the remnant of his army had got beyond the reach of immediate pursuit. Under the existing circumstances, there was clearly but one prudent course for him to take, so far as the safety of his own army, and the equally imperative steps to cover Paris before all else, and at the same time form a junction with MacMahon and with such new forces as could be sent to join him, were concerned. Metz, with its strong fortifications, might, as Strasbourg and other fortified points, have been left with an adequate garrison, which would have weakened his own army but little, to take care of itself. Why this obvious course was not adopted, we have only surmises to help us to an answer. As a general, at however low an order he may be rated, Bazaine could hardly have missed this conclusion, whatever confidence he may have had in his own abilities as a tactician and the fighting qualities of his troops. We are forced, then, to conclude that he was overruled by the Emperor, who, above all things, would be naturally averse to place himself in any position that would necessarily lead him back to Paris, and who, to avoid this humiliating position, cared not what sacrifices, that held out any hopeful results, he might be called upon to make.

Against MacMahon's course, from the time of his retreat up to his destroying the entrenched camp at Châlons, and moving towards Montmédy to endeavor to form a junction with Bazaine, nothing can be objected. At Châlons, with the *débris* of his own army, and receiving daily accessions to its strength, he was in a position to fall back upon Paris whenever necessary, and to force the Prussians to great circumspection in their movements towards it. The Prussians having to leave a large force to blockade Metz and keep Bazaine's army from escaping, he might have looked forward, in a short time, to seeing himself so strong as to be enabled to play a similar game towards them to the one which Napoleon I. adopted in the campaign of 1815 against the Allied armies, advancing along the Marne and Seine upon Paris. Such a defence, vigorously made, as it would have called for renewed efforts on the part of the Prussians, was also the best policy for the relief of Bazaine's army from the pressure upon it, as every day, the more that he could hold his own, must see some diminution of the enemy before Metz.

Why some such course was not adopted by MacMahon, we can only attribute to the same untoward influences that marred Bazaine's action. Looking at the positions that the contending forces occupied at the commencement of his movement from Châlons, and supposing ordinary vigilance and promptness of movement on the part of the Prussians—military qualities of which they had given the most conclusive evidence—there was no chance of success for the end proposed by this movement but in gaining several marches in advance, and moving with a celerity that supposed the throwing aside of all *impedimenta*. What the result has been we know. Another memorable example of the Caudine Forks has been added to the pages of history, in the surrender of an entire army; whilst Bazaine and his army will, in all probability, undergo the fate of the unfortunate Mack. So history repeats itself.

D. H. M.

WEST POINT, Sept. 16, 1870.

Correspondence.

THE TIENSIN MASSACRE.

TIENSIN, July 23, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Notices of the Tientsin massacre have reached you already, doubtless; but you may not be in possession of the facts relating to it. Little more will be attempted now than to bring before your readers the main features of an event so horrible in its details that no one can think of it but with a shudder. Some reference will also be made to the conduct of diplomats in connection with this important and sad event.

For many months rumors were in circulation that the Catholics were guilty of taking out the eyes and hearts of children for medicinal purposes, which, though false, created much excitement. A contemplated uprising, having for its object the extermination of all foreigners, was also matter of common remark. These rumors increased in virulence till they burst forth in an infuriated mob, on the 21st of June, causing great destruction of life and property. Twenty-two foreigners, occupying various positions in life, were the victims of one of the most brutal massacres which history records, viz., the French Consul and assistant; Secretary of French Legation and wife (*en route* to Peking); three Catholic priests; ten Sisters of Charity; one French merchant and wife; and one Russian lady and two gentlemen. One of the Sisters was an English subject; the rest were subjects of France or other smaller Continental powers. The outrages inflicted on these persons before death released them from suffering, beggar description. In addition, some sixty or seventy natives, in some way connected with foreigners, were murdered in cold blood. There was also a very great destruction of property, viz., the French consulate; cathedral, with extensive premises, belonging to the Lazarists; the small premises of the Jesuits; large premises of the Sisters, containing a chapel, foreign and native hospital, and buildings for the accommodation of over 200 children; these buildings were burned. All the Protestant chapels, eight in number, were also destroyed. Two of these belonged to the mission of the American Board. The compound in which one of them was situated was large. The premises were purchased and repaired by the Society at an expense of about \$6,000 gold, and were formerly occupied as residences by the representatives of the Society till health considerations rendered a removal from the city necessary. These are a mass of ruins. Fortunate, indeed, is it that they were unoccupied at the time of the riot, else a similar fate to that of the unfortunate dead would have befallen their inmates. The other chapel was a rented building, and of comparatively small value; it is also in ruins.

Reliable evidence of a most convincing character has been obtained, establishing the following points, viz.:

1. The plot has been maturing for weeks, if not months, and the time for its consummation had been arranged and known for days previous—viz., the 21st of June for the slaughter of those in or near the city, and the 24th for the attack on the residents of the foreign settlement. A heavy rain fell day and night of the 24th, which apparently saved us.
2. The plan embraced the destruction of every foreigner in Tientsin (those in Peking would then have fallen an easy prey), without distinction of nationality.
3. The plot was known, approved, and aided in execution by two, at least, of the leading city officials and some of the military officers, one of whom led foreign drilled troops to the attack, and encouraged the people in the work of destruction and death.

The recent Greek tragedy, which has excited so much sympathy and attention, is insignificant in comparison with this, when we consider the number of lives lost and nations insulted; and the mind naturally asks, what is doing by the representatives of foreign powers in Peking, and the Chinese Government, towards a proper adjustment of this terrible affair, so as to ensure the future safety of foreign residents here? For the latter, true to its native immobility when "outside barbarians" are concerned, we can only say *nothing*—absolutely NOTHING. Promises and demonstrations we have had in abundance; but except that extensive war-preparations are making, and tens of thousands of troops are collecting around Tientsin, nothing has been done. Of the representatives of France and Russia we know little; they keep their own counsels; but there are indications that they are quietly working out a policy which will ere long burst forth in a terrible, but merited, retribution on the heads of a corrupt and deceitful government, unless it does its duty in punishing the guilty. For the English-speaking Legations, judging from certain

facts and indications, we can only reiterate a sad "nothing" as we think of the fate which would have befallen us but for the interposing hand of Providence.

More than a month has elapsed since the enactment of this fearful deed of blood and suffering, and yet no proof can be adduced to show that our representative in Peking has attained even an approximately adequate conception of the magnitude of the crisis which has overtaken us. The only *positive* information we have is that the members of the U. S. Legation are rusticated "at the hills," enjoying in undisturbed tranquillity the countless charms of their summer retreat. Report speaks of them as "calm and grand" in deportment, and so philosophically superior to what is occurring about them that they receive with a smiling suspicion all our notices of this sad catastrophe as the fanciful narrations of an excited brain. And what wonder, when we remember that their official adviser, our consular agent at Tientsin, is an alien whose interests are wholly with the Chinese Government, in whose employ he receives about \$5,000 per annum?

"The Chinese Government," say they, "is most amicably disposed towards the treaty powers, and is ready to compensate fully those injured by the recent outrages." Indeed, in reading our recent advices from the capital, we are driven to the conclusion that some of the members of the *corps diplomatique* desire nothing more earnestly than that we cheerfully grant the pardon of these awful crimes by the reception of "hush-money" from these grievously criminal offenders. They would have us gloss over the fact that great and honorable nations have been grossly insulted by brutal acts, accredited only to uncivilized and barbarous tribes, and view as a matter of secondary importance the butchery of their unoffending representatives, because, forsooth, *we* escaped the fate intended for us. And they ask that we will precipitately settle this nefarious business by receiving gratefully the money by which they would buy the privilege of once more, ere long, imbruing their hands in innocent blood. They invite us to complicity in a compromise as dishonorable and dangerous in its character as the late massacre was perfidious and murderous.

That the above is not overdrawn may be gathered from the following facts:

The foreign ministers were informed that, for a considerable period previous to the fatal day, the anti-foreign feeling in Tientsin and the surrounding country had been deepening and intensifying; that it had been increasingly manifested in the conduct of the official classes; and that, in manifold and specious ways, it was gradually permeating all classes of society. The same facts were often referred to by those resident in Peking. The expulsion of the hated foreigner was known to be matter of common desire and expectation.

It was known to them that this general feeling throughout China had found expression, during the last three or four years, in a series of attacks on foreigners, all emanating from the same sources, aiming at the same end, and, in degree, following an ascending scale of gradation; and that innocent blood of a preceding year remained still unavenged. They were at last informed that the climax had been reached in fearful deeds of violence and blood. The terrible events of that never-to-be-forgotten day were minutely described to them, and of the dire results they were fully apprised. They were told that a score of foreigners—the most of whom were unoffending, delicate women—were horribly murdered in broad daylight—that they were subjected to the most cruel barbarities that fiendish ingenuity could invent; that, when death had at last ended their sufferings, their remains were treated with every possible indignity—haggled, cut in pieces, and cast some into the water and some into the flames. They were told how the corpses were rescued from the river at the foreign settlement, hacked, mutilated, almost beyond recognition—such spectacles of ghastly horror that the stoutest hearts, in gazing, were terror-stricken and bowed down in grief.

They were told that when the coffins sent by the mandarins, and said to contain the bodies of the Sisters of Charity, were opened, there were found only a few ashes and a melancholy collection of charred bones. They know that several score of natives, Christians and others in foreign employ, were robbed, beaten, tortured, and not a few murdered, for no other crime but that of connection with us. They have been informed that many buildings in more than a dozen localities—some of them imposing structures erected at great cost, others the houses of Christians and friendly natives—were looted, torn in pieces, or consigned to the flames.

They have had ample information of the fact that this event was not the result of a sudden outburst of popular feeling, but has been a matter of gradual and extensive preparation. They have been distinctly ac-

quainted with the fact that this movement was openly directed against all foreigners without distinction, and that the plan, as related to us, was not abandoned, but only delayed in execution. Of greater importance than all this, an overwhelming amount of incontestable evidence has been laid before them, criminating many native officials in these savage proceedings, and fully confirming the opinion of many thoughtful men, that this massacre is only a part of a matured determination and gigantic plan to overthrow all the foundations on which foreign intercourse with China is based. Increasing and convincing proofs of this are daily becoming manifest here, and reaching us from other places.

That such an event was soon to occur, and was known many hundreds of li from here before it actually took place—even to the day and general plan—has been amply set before them. Many facts of minor importance have also been brought to their notice, all bearing, in their connections, but one interpretation. Yet with all this astounding and incontrovertible evidence of the barbarous violation of treaty rights in the murder of many innocent victims and the destruction of much valuable property; knowing that there is no decrease of excitement, but a continuous demand on the part of thousands of the infatuated people for the complete extermination of the hated "barbarian;" that warlike preparations are being pushed forward as rapidly as possible; and that, to the present time, not an arrest has been made; knowing that if such a calamity had befallen Chinese subjects not connected with foreigners, hundreds of heads would have paid the penalty in less than a week's time, and that yet, in this instance, only promises have been made—with all this knowledge in possession, yet the evidence collected by those on the spot is treated with a scepticism bordering on disdain. Only a glimpse can be had of their policy in such utterances as these: "The Chinese are sorry—they are ready to pay indemnity; prepare your claims—the sooner settled, the better for all concerned—we are not politically involved—exercise control—excitement will soon pass by—be patient—don't excite THEM"—only this, and nothing more.

Some may think this an overdrawn picture; but I assert it to be given on credible evidence. It is substantiated by documents in our possession; it is borne out by competent judges in the capital; it is proved by the demand already made on Tientsin residents to prepare estimates of losses sustained, in order to the immediate payment by the Chinese Government. And all this, while the villains—who tore down our chapels, searched in them for the missionaries with avowed intent to kill them; beat and killed the native Christians; cut in pieces foreign officials, and cut off the breasts, run spears up through, and ripped open the bodies of innocent and defenceless women—are still running at large, vaunting their blood-stained booty, boasting of their valor in perpetrating these diabolical deeds of crime and shame, and stirring up the people to commit further outrages.

S. A.

ANOTHER NOSTRADAMUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The arithmetical and prophetic calculations in reference to Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon, which you have copied from the newspapers, are interesting and truly very odd. It is a pity, therefore, that they fail so materially as to be based upon the mistake of a year in the case of Napoleon III. Here are other additions which, taken out of the *Almanac de Gotha*, are all correct:

Napoleon III. was proclaimed Emperor December, 1852, and dethroned September, 1870. He reigned, then, 17 years. Now, he was born in 1808, and $1+8+0+8$ is 17 years. He was married and crowned in 1853, and $1+8+5+3$ is 17 years. Eugenie was born in 1826, was crowned in 1853, and reigned 17 years. Now, $1+8+2+6=17$ years, and $1+8+5+3$ is 17 years. Again, Louis Napoleon was made President in 1848, December 2, and expelled September 5, 1870. He was, then, in power 21 years. Add $1+8+4+8=21$ years. He was raised to royalty from ordinary rank in 1852, and driven out of it again in 1870. And $1+8+5+2=1+8+7+0$. Or, again, his father died in 1846, his mother in 1837, and $1+8+4+6=1+8+3+7$. So himself and wife were born 1808 and 1826, and $1+8+0+8=1+8+2+6$.

A. N.

Notes.

LITERARY.

AFTER a revival lasting nearly three years, *Putnam's Magazine*, it is announced, will shortly be merged in the transformed *Hours at Home*,

known as *Scribner's Monthly*. The news is doubtless a surprise to the public, but the magazine's want of support has for some time been privately conjectured. Its disappearance for a second, and, we presume, the last time, will be regretted by many, including not only those whose favorite it was but those who, without giving it a high rank among other periodicals, nevertheless wished it well; by none more than those ingenious gentlemen of letters, whom the multiplicity of magazines has made a remarkable phenomenon, who "board round," as it were—now appearing in an article in the *Atlantic*, next month in *Lippincott's*, again in the *Galaxy*, by turns in all the rest, and not seldom simultaneously in two or three. The reviewer whose monthly task it is monthly to read all the magazines is the only person, perhaps, who is delighted at the cutting off of any one of them. As for the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons, they at least return to their main business with one less care than formerly. Their fall announcements we noted last week. Some foreign agencies which they have undertaken remain to be mentioned: first, of the new periodical called "Art," published by Sampson Low, and embellished with photographs of a high order; and next, of two series of art publications, from, we believe, the same English house, viz., autotype reproductions of drawings by the great masters preserved in English collections, and "oleographs"—i. e., facsimile reproductions in color in a style quite superior to the best results of chromo-lithography. Of the two last we shall probably have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter.—Messrs. Baker, Voorhis & Co. announce a number of law publications, of which we cite two as not wholly of a technical character: "A Comparison of the Common and Civil Law Systems as embraced in the Jurisprudence of the United States," by Judge William Archer Cocke; and the "Law of Insanity," being a digest with the leading cases in full, by John J. Elwell, M.D.—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. add to their announcements "The Iliad of the East," which is a translation of legends selected from Valmiki's "Ramayana;" Julia Wedgwood's "John Wesley, and the Religious Revival of the Eighteenth Century;" "The Beginnings of Life"—including an account of the present state of the spontaneous generation question—by H. C. Bastian; "A Treatise on Magnetism," by the Astronomer-Royal, Airy; "Fine Art: A Sketch of its History, Theory, Practice, and Application to Industry"—lectures delivered at Cambridge University—by Sir M. Digby Wyatt; a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. James Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire;" a Life, by Mr. W. D. Christie, of the First Earl of Shaftesbury, for which the materials are new papers from the French archives and others in the possession of the present Earl.

—The *Hearth and Home*, an illustrated journal of family reading, from which politics and controversial religion are excluded, and to which its editor, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, has given a pretty decided horticultural and agricultural and landscape-gardening bias, was founded some year or two ago by Mr. S. M. Pettengill, the well-known advertising agent. We believe it has had very fair success in all ways. It now changes hands, having been bought by Messrs. Orange Judd & Co., the publishers of the *American Agriculturist*, whose name has for many years been a household word in almost every American farm-house. Doubtless, *Hearth and Home* will now be made a little more agricultural still; but it will not cease to deal, after its own fashion, with the right conduct of life inside the farm-house as well as outside. It will still have recipes for the housekeeper; riddles and stories for boys and girls; stories, essays, and poetry for young ladies; and a "News Supplement" for the head of the house, and, in general, will be, as it has been, a very good journal for home reading as home reading goes in this country of newspapers. *Hearth and Home* will not be merged in the *American Agriculturist*, but will remain entirely distinct.

—The library of the late Jared Sparks, biographer of Washington, Franklin, and many other of our worthies, is to be sold during the coming winter. It is said to be an excellent working library for an American historian, very rich in works on the Revolution, well supplied with State histories and early State laws, and containing not a few of the rarities of our early history, which, nowadays, fall to the lot only of the rich collector. It would be a good nucleus for a new college or city library; and we do not see why Americans should always go to Germany to buy libraries in the lump, and permit collections made here, and, of course, much better adapted to our wants, to be dispersed by auction. Mr. Sparks's historical MSS., consisting chiefly of copies made at the London State Paper Office, at Paris, Salamanca, and elsewhere, which are especially valuable in relation to the Spanish colonies, were deposited in the library of Harvard College some years ago.

—The number of rich men who return their accumulated wealth, by

their wills, to the public, would appear to be unmistakably on the increase. The bequest of the late Mr. John Simmons, of Boston, is remarkable not only for its munificence—it amounts to nearly two millions of dollars—but for the direction which it has taken. The Simmons Female College to be endowed by it is not an addition to the perhaps too numerous small institutions of learning similarly founded, but has an entirely original purpose: to teach "medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy, and other branches of art, science, and industry best calculated to enable the scholars to acquire an independent livelihood." It is curious to note the circumstances which led the testator to conceive of this form of benefaction, and to devote to the realization of it the last sixteen years of his life, during which, retired from active business, he invested his fortune in real estate, and built those elegant stores and residences which are, of themselves, an evidence of public spirit, and among the finest by which Boston is adorned. Mr. Simmons was a native of Rhode Island, in the last century, but removed early to Boston, where he subsequently became the pioneer dealer in ready-made clothing, a business in which the city continues preeminent. As a manufacturer of these goods, says a writer in the *Boston Advertiser*, he naturally had a wide and painful experience of the needs and incapacity of workingwomen—of needlewomen especially—and his charitable feeling for them doubtless prompted him to devise the remedy which has just been revealed to the public. It will be tried most appropriately in a State notorious for having a surplus of women.

—Very likely, by the time the fund has sufficiently accumulated to warrant starting this college, instruction in medicine, at least except in the rudiments of anatomy and physiology and botany and chemistry, will be so easily obtainable by women at professional schools, as to make it scarcely advisable for the college to compete with them. And probably some other branches will be as well provided for elsewhere. On the other hand, we may trust that the common-school education will have so much improved as to send a higher grade of pupils to the college than it could now muster if instituted at once. In art instruction particularly, it is clear great progress will have been made. Last May the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act requiring every town of more than ten thousand inhabitants to furnish free instruction in industrial or mechanical drawing to persons over fifteen years of age, either in day or evening schools. Boston proposes not only to fulfil those requirements, but to elevate the standard of instruction in drawing in every grade of school, and to import an instructor from England for the express purpose of training the teachers in this branch. Mr. Charles C. Perkins having generously offered to procure the necessary models, such as are supplied to Art Schools from South Kensington, and to give them to the School Committee. A hall in the new Girls' High and Normal School has been, by private liberality also, set apart for the exhibition of casts and photographs illustrative of ancient art. Casts to the value of \$1,087 have been subscribed for, chiefly by the ladies of Boston, and are expected to arrive shortly. They embrace the frieze of the Parthenon, and a number of mythological and portrait statues, busts, bas-reliefs, etc., etc.

—Professor Whitney's "German Reader" appeared originally without its notes and vocabulary, which fill a supplementary volume. The publishers, however, have now put reading matter, notes, and vocabulary together in a single volume, which intending purchasers will find handier than the other form of the work. We speak of it here as containing, in the vocabulary, one of the best pieces of lexicographical work of its kind that need be desired. Makers of vocabularies, and printers of them after they are made, may both study it with profit for its clearness to the mind of the student and its clearness to the eye of the examiner. Six kinds of type are used. First there is the large German type, in which appears the word to be translated. There is the English type, in which appears the word of translation. There is, however, in case the German word to be translated and the English word translating it be from the same root, a small-capital type used in the words of translation. But again, in case the German word and the English be derived from different roots, but yet are the same in composition, then there is used still a different English type. We have not in our fonts types with which to give with exactness the appearance of the vocabulary, for which, indeed, types were expressly cast; but the reader will understand this last-mentioned point when we say that the English rendering of "mitleid" being "compassion," "sympathy," and the composition of all these words being the same, while yet there is not identity of roots, the fact of this like use of different materials the vocabulary indicates by a type different from any used for its

other purposes. Finally, there is some italic type and some smaller German. The execution thus admirable in its technically typographical aspect is also, as is evident, helpful to the eye of one using the vocabulary, and, of course, the learner reaps benefit from the philological thoroughness and the insistence upon certain philological points to which all this typographical skillfulness helps to give expression. We should add that references to the author's grammar are frequent.

—The *Christian Union*, criticising what we said recently about Prussian culture, acknowledges that it is all true; but maintained that the end achieved by the Prussians—that of making good soldiers, scholars, artists, and philosophers—is after all (comparatively) a poor one; that the truly “successful man is he whose first aim is not to gratify himself, but to serve others, who lives as in God's sight.” With this we heartily agree; but after taking as good a survey as our means will permit of the other nations of the earth, we have no hesitation in declaring our belief that there is in Prussia on the whole as “much living for others,” as “much purity in body and soul,” and as much practical recognition of the Divine government of the world, as in any other country. If the *Christian Union* finds reason to be satisfied with the spirituality of life amongst the mass of people either in the United States or in England—we mention these as the two countries whose moral condition it probably puts above that of Prussia on religious grounds—all we can say is that its mode of measuring these things must be different from ours. We are far from holding Prussia up to view as a perfect national organization; but we have no hesitation in assuring American Christians that its culture wouldn't do them any harm; and that, if they try it, they will find themselves as acceptable as ever in the eyes of the Almighty. It is often very amusing to find what a dread of “culture” there is among some reformers and politicians. One would think sometimes, to hear them talk, that no real purity of character or earnestness of life was to be attained except by keeping as ignorant and uncouth as possible—that is, that the more of a brute or a savage you were, the nearer you were to God. Yet the difference between the eleventh century and the nineteenth, and between the New England farmer and the Irish peasant, is simply one of culture. And it is hard to see what force the *Christian Union's* objections to the Prussians can have, unless it means us to draw the conclusion that it is their culture which prevents them from attaining the true end of existence. This argument would, however, prove a little too much, for it would prove that the more civilized man grows, the less likely he is to exhibit the highest type of character—a position which the *Union* will hardly take up. The ordinary reformer's and religious man's horror of “culture” indeed differs only in degree from the Pope's, and is based on equal forgetfulness of the fact that men of culture differ from others simply in being more civilized—that is, in having got a little further along the road on which the best portion of the human race is painfully toiling.

—The *Woman's Journal* says it has “private reasons” for believing that Florence Nightingale is the writer of the letter which recently appeared in the *Nation* on the Englishwomen and the “Contagious Diseases Acts.” An ordinary guess at the authorship we should let go for what it was worth, but the mention of “private reasons” makes it proper to say that the *Woman's Journal* is mistaken. Miss Nightingale did not write the letter in question.

—One of the most striking and instructive portions of Maine's treatise on “Ancient Law” is that in which the author, after pointing out the wide prevalence of patriarchal institutions in primitive times, proceeds to show that it is more than likely that joint-ownership, and not separate ownership, is the really archaic institution.” He draws his proofs from the village communities of India, Russia, and the Danubian provinces, in which the patriarchal character is clearly distinguishable in different degrees of completeness. These views have been further supported by the discovery of analogous institutions in other communities, and one is interested to find the latest piece of evidence brought to light in regard to Mr. Maine's own country. It is a learned German that has detected an order of things which English students appear to have overlooked. A late number of Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift* contains a review of a monograph by Nasse—“Ueber die mittelalterliche Feldgemeinschaft, etc., in England”—which proves the existence of a village community in early times, lacking, it is true, the patriarchal elements, which it may be supposed to have outgrown. “It is still possible to reconstruct a complete picture of the dwelling and court-yard, with little grass-plot fenced in near by, of arable land and meadow, in separate possession, it is true, but with common rules of management (*Benutzung*), and of the common pasture-land.” When

manors were formed, even after the Norman conquest, they were forced by the nature of things to adapt themselves to the village system, and even to form a part of it; and it was not until the time of the Tudors that the system was outgrown—although even to this day it has not wholly disappeared. It would be worth while to examine how far the early settlers in this country were influenced by the traditions and surviving remnants of this system, and how far, on the other hand, similar causes led to similar results. For the first colonists of New England had a free field before them, like the Saxon conquerors of Britain; and many points in the early land-tenure of New England are strikingly like those described in this article. When a town was organized, the process was that “the General Court granted a tract of land to a company of persons. . . . The land was held at first by the company as property in common” (Palfrey, ii. p. 13). This company of proprietors then proceeded to divide the lands by assigning first house-lots (in Marlborough varying from fifteen to fifty acres), then tracts of meadow-land, and in some cases “mineral land;” that is, where bog-iron ore was found. Pasture and wood-land remained in common, as the property of the company. New persons admitted as freemen would appear for a time to have become members of the company; but a law of the General Court, in 1660, provided “that hereafter no cottage or dwelling-place shall be admitted to the privilege of commonage for wood, timber, or herbage, or any other the privileges that lye in any towne or peculiar, but such as are already in being, or hereafter shall be erected by consent of the towne.” From this time the “commoners” appear as a kind of aristocracy among the inhabitants. Sometimes new members were admitted by special vote, and the commons were gradually divided up. The right of the proprietors to do this was challenged sometimes by the non-proprietors (as in Woburn, in 1741); but was maintained by the law of 1660. In Ipswich, the rights of the commoners continued in existence until after the Revolutionary war, when (in 1788) they granted their rights to the town for the purpose of helping to pay the debts of the town.

—Few persons not librarians will get any notion from them, the faculty of attaching any definite value to large numbers being a rare one; but these figures about the British Museum will interest some of our readers. Besides, we doubt if there are many ways in which a man who writes can be of more service in our day and country than he can be by calling attention, as often as possible, to the existence elsewhere of the great libraries, the makers and furnishers of scholars and students, which as yet we lack. Last year there were added to the Museum's library 32,013 volumes and pamphlets, 26,331 parts of volumes or separate numbers of serials and works in progress, 2,582 pieces of music, 1,181 complete files of newspapers, and 5,783 “sundries”—making in all nearly 68,000 articles added to the treasures of this great institution. On an average, there were each day in the reading-rooms 356 students, each consulting 13 books during his visits. The total number of readers was 103,894, and the number of visitors to the general collections was 460,635.

—In spite of the restrictions imposed upon correspondents, the large number of men of ability representing the British press at or near the seat of war cannot but succeed in making some very good and interesting reading. In letters in the *Times*, the *News*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, there has been a good deal of really excellent writing—work as effective and nearly as well done as if the man writing had been carefully finishing a chapter of a novel, or elaborating an essay which he was to acknowledge as his, and on which he intended to abide judgment. We might, if it were worth while, quote a good many proofs of the truth of this statement, which was suggested at the moment by a *News* correspondent's description of the rendering of the “Marseillaise” by the somewhat celebrated Mademoiselle Agar. Those who have heard the most declamatory of national songs, delivered with proper energy of leg and arm gesticulation by a good Frenchman, will understand how decidedly exciting Mlle. Agar's performance must be—especially when some thousands of Frenchmen in a state of patriotic exaltation unite to give the chorus. Mlle. Agar is an actress, with a reasonably good voice, which she knows how to manage, and with a person which serves her fairly well upon the stage, and excellently for her new rôle of embodying the genius of France when France is full of tigerish energy. As she comes forward, the spectator notices that her bare arms are muscular and well shaped; her hair hangs loose, and is black in color; her forehead is low and broad; her eyes are full of excited light; she is clothed in a white dress or robe, which allows the free play of her figure, none of whose movements is concealed.

She advances in a half-crouching attitude, suggesting the movement of the tiger, and her voice, as she begins, is suppressed and hoarse as though she were choking with rage and passion. When her chant commences, says the correspondent, she reminds one of a Brocken witch murmuring an evil incantation. As she goes on, every line is dwelt upon with an exaggerated emphasis, which, however, does not produce the effect of grotesqueness, because the vast assemblage listens with terrible and oppressive earnestness to every word, and almost to every syllable. When the climax is reached the tricolor is unfurled, mademoiselle kneels down, the audience rises, and the chorus is sung by everybody. As one reads this description, one thinks of the Spartan phalanxes advancing

"to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders;"

and thinks also of the character of the air of the song now heard whenever Germans get together—

"Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

It is at first almost plaintive, and never makes a nearer approach to the rage and exhausting fury of the "Marseillaise" than in being, as it goes on, firm and valiant music—

"such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breathed."

In fact, the German patriotic poetry, as has been well observed, is far oftener tender, pathetic, domestic, and romantic than it is warlike or military; and furious or cruel it never is.

—Students, and teachers also, we may say, of the French language will find a desideratum in M. Auguste Brachet's "Dictionnaire étymologique de la Langue française," to which M. Egger, of the Institute, supplies a preface (Paris: Hetzel.) The work is divided into two parts. The introduction states, concisely and methodically, the principles of French etymology, and the vocabulary, which contains nearly all the words in the Academy's dictionary, indicates the certain or probable derivation of each. Doubtful etymologies are supported by adducing the laws of phonetic changes, with illustrative examples. Where a number of words exhibit the same transformation, it is fully explained in the first instance that arises, to which afterwards a simple reference suffices. Such a dictionary enables a most instructive and fascinating comparison to be instituted between the Latin, French, and English languages, and ought to make the way smooth for learning all three together, not to speak of the philological training by which one may easily become a more general linguist.

THE SECOND EMPIRE IN ITS BLOOM.*

WE have given our readers a brief review of the first volume of Taxile Delord's "History of the Second Empire," warmly recommending this work to their attention. On perusing the second volume, we not only find no reason to retract our favorable opinion of that comprehensive production, but, on the contrary, are impelled to declare it the most valuable as well as the most interesting contribution to the history of our times which has come under our notice. Unaffected and unadorned, and everywhere displaying a most amiable candor and independence of judgment, it presents us with a precise and detailed account of the doings and workings of the neo-Napoleonic Empire, and a lively and comprehensive picture of the political and social life of France under it. It generalizes little, philosophizes little, and neither exhorts nor perorates; but it gives such an abundance of incontrovertible facts from which generalizations and lessons for the future can be drawn, and gives them so well grouped and so well illumined, that the reader cannot fail to form the most important conclusions concerning the past and the future. And those conclusions cannot vary much from the following: The Second Empire has been the sum of all villany; if continued as it was in its palmiest period, it must eat the vitals out of the French nation and render it a reproach to mankind.

Such is the richness of matter contained in the second volume that it would by far exceed the limits of a review in this paper merely to specify all the topics which would be of interest even to a non-French reader. Briefly, however, we must mention the most interesting: the *agiotage* fever, with its effects on society, industry, and commerce; the rise of prices and rents, and the advent of M. Haussmann; "Caesarian

Paris" with its "courtesans and bankers;" the baptism of the Prince Imperial, and the presentation by the Pope of a golden rose to the Empress; the Senate chastised by an *avertissement* for a slight fit of independence; debates on the Law of Regency; persecutions of the republicans; proscriptions and dungeons in the departments; the horrors of deportation; the funerals of Armand Marrast and Lamennais; conspiracies, infernal machines, and attempted assassinations of the Emperor; the execution of Pianori; royalist manoeuvres; activity and decline of legitimism; Berryer and others at work for the Comte de Chambord; defection of Larochejacquelein; futile attempts to bring about a fusion of Orleanism and legitimism; meeting of Chambord and the Duc de Nemours at Vienna; the decadence and debasement of journalism; the cheap press, the feuilleton, and the advertisements; the gagging and falsification of public opinion; subsidization and semi-officialism; journalistic metamorphoses operated by De Morny, Véron, Mirès, Émile de Girardin, and others; transmutations of the religious press; the church in active league with Bonapartism; a crusade against philology; the Archbishop of Paris, Sibour, humbled by the Ultramontanes under the lead of Vuillot; coronation of Napoleon III.; proclamation of the dogma of Immaculate Conception; the revival of miracles; superstition fostered by the Government; opposition of the Academy; reception, as members, of Montalembert, Dupanloup, Berryer, and De Broglie; Imperial measures to curb the Academy, to reform the University, and to curtail higher instruction; opposition of the salons; Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, and Gautier surrendering to the Empire; assassination of the Archbishop of Paris; legislation concerning commerce, banking, and railroads; deaths of Béranger and General Cavaignac; attempt and death of Orsini; a new reign of terror under General Espinasse, as Minister of the Interior; fresh deportations; election of Jules Favre and Picard; opposition of Montalembert; the Italian war of 1859; the proscribed in Belgium, England, Switzerland, and Spain; granting of a partial amnesty; loosening of the dictatorial sway. With the opening of the year 1860 the second volume closes, and the third will probably bring us both the decline and the fall of the Second Empire.

Of the thirteen chapters into which the second volume is divided, none is more interesting than the one devoted to "Journalism," though the two following, which treat of "The Clergy" and of "The Academy, the University, and Literature," are hardly of less merit. The characters, practices, and juggler-like mutations of some of the principal representatives and managers of the press are depicted in most curious traits. The history of almost all Parisian organs of importance is sketched. But the history of no other organ is so characteristic of the baser sides of the period as that of the *Univers*, the chief Ultramontane journal, and no man who ever wielded the journalist's pen in Paris—not excluding even Véron, the Cassagnacs, and De la Guéronnière—has shown himself under more repulsive chameleon colors than its leading editor, Louis Vuillot. To trace the changing course of the *Univers* during the Revolution of 1848 and a number of subsequent years—a course which, throughout that period, ran parallel with that of the *Constitutionnel* and a number of other non-clerical journals, ultimately the main propagators of Bonapartism—is to show the depth of self-degradation of which journalistic demagogism is capable. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

In February, 1848, the *Univers*, ultra-conservative though it had been, hailed with shouts of delight the downfall of monarchy in France. "Immoral under Louis XIV.," these were its words, "scandalous under Louis XV., despotic under Napoleon, unintelligent till 1830, astute—to say no more—till 1848—monarchy succumbs under the weight of its faults." The *Univers* was not satisfied with the republic in France, it preached universal republicanism. That pious Catholic paper mocked at Catholic Austria, the last crumbling prop of royalism, and accused bigoted Ferdinand II. of Naples of attempting to introduce the pest into Sicily. After the bloody conflict of June, it mourned with the republicans, and only expressed a fear "lest liberty should be made to expiate the crimes of faction." The socialists, it charitably believed, had been led into error by purely Christian impulses. It advocated the spending of some millions by the state for the purpose of trying by practical experiments the value of some of the communistic theories; "France is generous, she pays willingly for the glory and folly of her children." The right of instruction it said was, under certain circumstances, "the most sacred of duties;" every illiberal principle it branded as "anti-Christian;" the refusal of the freedom of the press it considered "a scandal;" free association and freedom of conscience were its "rallying words." It demanded free worship for all dissident sects no less than for Catholics. Democracy, to

* "Histoire du Second Empire. Par Taxile Delord." Vol. II. Paris: 1870.

hear the *Unicera*, was a child of Rome, where it received its baptism from the hands of Pius IX.; the church was free only in "the glorious republic of the United States." Bonapartism beginning to raise its head, the *Unicera* became indignant: "It is not the Committee of Public Safety but the Code Napoleon which has destroyed France." "The Empire was no monarchy, it was a despotism; despotism is only a form of anarchy." Louis Bonaparte appeared to it "running after a dictatorship which could be nothing else but a parody." In 1850, the *Unicera* turned legitimist. It could expect for France no return to order except through monarchy with the elder branch of the Bourbons. It advocated the fusion of the two branches. A year or two later it was on its knees before imperialism made triumphant by the *coup d'état*. It glorified Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., and spoke with detestation of the enemies of the latter, the revolutionists, "whose doctrines inspired horror," and the parliamentarians, "whose obstinacy elicited pity." Against these demoralized foes it saw two armies clasp hands, "the one composed of four hundred thousand warriors, in all the vigor of discipline and youth, . . . the other . . . the army of charity, numbering forty thousand priests and fifty thousand nuns." It then entered upon a crusade against philosophy, classical studies, and liberalism under all its forms.

Such were the chief allies of the Second Empire in the arena of public discussion. The Empire amply reciprocated their favors; but it did much more in the way of watching and disarming all opposition in the same field. An *avertissement* was sent to a journal on account of "an acrid criticism of the law of March 29, 1852, on sugar;" another was decreed for an article representing Napoleon I. as an apostle of the revolution; another, for a comparison of the downfalls of Charles X. and Louis Philippe with that of Napoleon I.; another, for the following statement in a Protestant religious paper: "Five persons have recently abjured in Edinburgh the errors of Roman Catholicism;" another, for a severe criticism on an act of the municipal authority in the dramatic feuilleton of a provincial paper; another, for polemical acrimony "exceeding the limits of good taste," according to the æsthetic sense of the prefect of the Lower Loire; another, for the publication, during the Crimean war, of news from Constantinople, "probable but not official;" another, for an article "in opposition to the national sentiment;" another, for "attacks on the allies of France;" another, for passages offensive to the Pope in a feuilleton by George Sand; another, for a doubt in the veracity of a note in the *Moniteur*. The *Phare de la Loire* having said in its report of the opening of the parliamentary session: "The Emperor then delivered the speech which we have published, and which, according to the *Agence Havas*, elicited repeated cries of *Vive l'Empereur!*" etc., it received an *avertissement* "in consideration of this dubitative form of expression being so unbecoming in face of the striking enthusiasm with which the words of the Emperor have inspired the great bodies of the state, as well as all good citizens." And all this is but the milder side of the late Napoleonic despotism. The accounts of the more serious persecutions of its enemies by military and civil authorities are quite differently startling. But we have no room to follow our author further.

ORTON'S AMAZON.*

AMERICAN literature is probably more deficient in works of travel than in any other records of human effort. We are not without ambitious chronicles of journeyings on most of the continents, but beyond half-a-dozen works we have nothing to show which deserves to live to mark the restlessness of our people. To the discoveries of Africa and Australia, we have contributed nothing except a very little, and that long ago, by the surveying expedition which carried Dana to the latter region. In Asia, Pampelly's geological work may claim for us a place in the history of the discovery of the greatest continent—if we may use the word *discovery* in reference to the continent which is the mother of races. Our great expeditions which have explored the broad and difficult country between the easternmost borders of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific with a rapidity and thoroughness unequalled in the history of geographical discovery, show very plainly that there is no want of talent for this sort of work among our people. But though the names of our travellers are not to be linked with the history of the explorations of the continents of the Old World, there is a good prospect that we may secure a fair place in the history of the discovery of our twin continent of the New World. The government explorers, Herndon and Gibbon, Hassaurek, Agassiz, and (to a certain extent) Fletcher, have done good work as travellers in that region.

Mr. Orton is clearly entitled to a fair place among the explorers of South America. His journey, although for a part over the pretty well-beaten paths of South American travel, carried him over some hundreds of miles of country which has rarely been traversed by modern explorers. From the uplands of Ecuador to the main stream of the Amazon, Mr. Orton's journey was through a region which has never before been adequately described in our language.

The main motive of our traveller was that which has led so many intelligent naturalists to South America; and although his book does not treat us to a large amount of special scientific information, we get through the whole the sort of information which the professedly scientific traveller is most apt to obtain. The structure of the great chains of the Andes, the history of their great volcanoes, the character of the relics of the aboriginal peoples, all are treated in an intelligent manner. The three hundred and fifty pages of the book contain a remarkable amount of information on a great variety of subjects. The copious note-books of the author have poured their treasures into his pages with a lavish profusion. Generally, the observations show the trained traveller; sometimes, indeed, comparisons of what he saw with things seen in other lands are almost unnecessarily introduced to show that he is not on his first journey. This parade of knowledge sometimes takes a more objectionable shape. Who cares to be told that "the same year which saw Shakespeare carried to his grave beside Avon witnessed the founding of Pará"? But the genius of indirection does not always possess our traveller; the very chapter so inauspiciously begun gives us a very good, succinct description of Pará.

When Mr. Orton reports the results of his own observation, he generally gives some trustworthy information; when, however, he collects the statements of others, he sometimes shows a wild credulity worthy of Herodotus. Speaking of the Napo women, he says: "They render their husbands idiotic by giving them an infusion of *floripondio*, and then choose another consort. We saw a sad example of this near Reobamba, and heard of one husband who, after being thus treated, unconsciously served his wife and her new man like a slave." This is worthy to go with the stories of the "succession powders" and other medical chimeras of former centuries. The same capacity for the appropriation of questionable statements is still more evident where our traveller pauses in his journey to treat us to general discourses on the geological history of the region he is traversing. The chapter on the "Geological History of South America," containing a vast amount of poetically rendered misinformation, is indeed a sad defacement of the clear, simple narrative which it cuts in twain. We take from the first paragraph: "Long protracted eons elapsed without adding a page to the geology of South America. The Creator seems to have been busy elsewhere. Decorating the north with the gorgeous flora of the carboniferous period, till, in the language of Hugh Miller, 'to distant planets our earth must have shone with a green and delicate ray,' he rubbed the picture out, and ushered in the hideous reptilian age, when monstrous saurians, footed, paddled, and winged, were the lords of this lower world. All the great mountain chains were at this time slumbering beneath the ocean. The city of New York was sure of its site, but huge dinotheria wallowed in the mire where now stand the palaces of Paris, London, and Vienna." The worst balderdash which has afflicted our language during the last ten years has come from amateur geologists. No sooner does a man become possessed of a few of the great conceptions which the science affords than he begins to break all linguistic bounds. As soon as he enters into the illimitable past, his gambols lead one to suppose that he must be possessed of the spirit of a pterodactyl, or some other vagarious creature. What else could lead a discreet man to assert that, in the lifting of the Andes, "a man's life would be too short to count the centuries consumed in the operation"? Allowing the extreme time that the calculations of the most indulgent physicists have granted to the physical history of the crust, we have but two millions of centuries; to count this number would occupy an active man about a month.

But these faults, though it is the critic's duty to point them out, are more than outweighed by the many good qualities of the book. We can pardon a good deal of fine writing in a traveller who has the courage to give us, without any of the palliation of false delicacy, the following picture: "We found the governor, one day, taking lice for his lunch. Sitting behind his little boy, he picked out the little parasites with his nails, and crushed them between his teeth with a look of satisfaction. Eating lice is an old Indian custom, and universal in the Andes. In Inca times, it was considered an infallible remedy against sore eyes. We have seen a dozen

* "The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America. By James Orton, M.A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.

women sitting on the ground in a row, picking out vermin from each other's heads." The honesty which causes our author to represent things just as he saw them leads him to a most commendable care in crediting to the works of other travellers in the same region all that he has gleaned from them—we are sorry to say, not a very common virtue in travellers.

The closing chapter gives clear and full directions as to the methods and cost of travel in South America. Having taken the reader with him by his most interesting narrative, he offers him a chance to make the journey himself for six hundred dollars in gold. The book is well got up. The map, despite the wretched way in which the mountains are misrepresented, gives the route very well, and the index is a sufficient guide to the contents.

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